

# Matt Pond PA, A Well Of Tires

We live for parking lots  
And waiting around for no reason  
Guilty of nothing  
Nothing so subtle  
Onlookers make up a strange herd of listeners

We have been here before  
Aligned with the blankness of buildings  
Shifting and halting  
Taking a half-step  
constantly mumbling is making a comeback  
The patterns keep proving that all things get better

All winter  
The backs of heads make better friends  
All winter long

There is a well of tires  
Outside South Strafford and Sharon  
Repeating the nature  
Is coming together  
Take off the next place to get through the weather  
I've seen the records  
And all things get better